The Theatre Has Swallowed A Tapeworm . . By George Freedley

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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WHAT GERMANY NEEDS
by James Marshall

"MALTA STORY"
by W. L. River
and
"MALTA SPITFIRE"
by Flying Officer George F. Beurling
and Leslie Roberts
Reviewed by Percival R. Knauth

"NEWS IS WHAT WE MAKE IT"
by Kenneth Stewart
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels

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"INSIDE THE F.B.I."
by John J. Floherty
Reviewed by Struthers Burt

This is the famous drawing by Don Freeman showing Forty-fifth Street as it was in 1938. The theatre, says George Freedley, may be on its way out. (See page 4)

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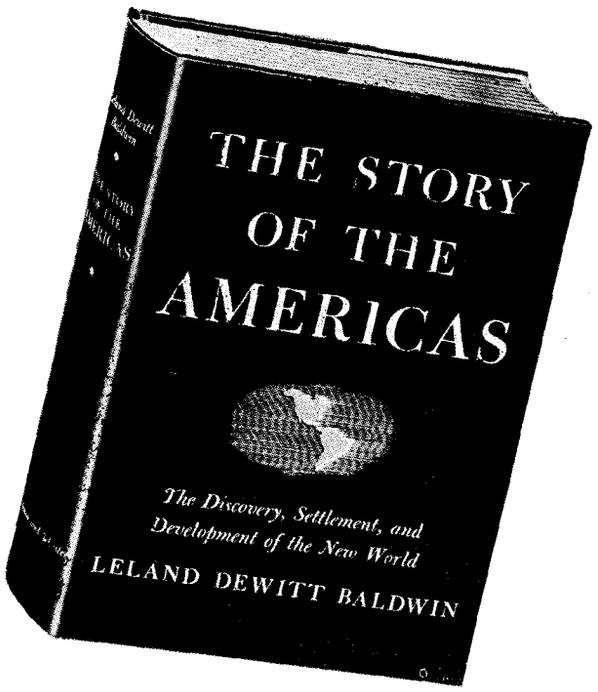

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Theatre Has Swallowed A Tapeworm

It Is Starving Itself in the Middle of Plenty

GEORGE FREEDLEY

THE Broadway stage today presents a strange paradox. It is feeding on a rich diet of standing room only, yet is starving to death. It is at least a quarter of a century since the houses have been so packed, yet the theatre is on its way out.

This is all the more astounding when you realize that there is no dearth of actors, writers, directors, designers, producers, or backers, or even playhouses. Moreover, despite the grousing of the producers, there is available today some of the best drama being written anywhere in the world. Indeed, the theatre has everything potentially that it ever had—and more. It has the tremendous force of public good will because of its important war contribution through the American Theatre Wing War Service, its entertainment in military camps in this country and near the battlefields thousands of miles from Broadway, in the war factories, and in its bond-selling drive.

What is wrong? It can't be the war, for the public demand is as great or greater than ever before. It is not even the fault of the films and the radio, as anyone who has observed the Broadway crowds can testify. What has happened should be obvious: the theatre has swallowed a tapeworm.

What is this tapeworm? It is the elaborate folderol to be overcome before you can open a show. Raising a first night curtain requires nothing short of a miracle. To anyone who knows what goes on behind the scenes, it is all the more amazing that any show ever opens at all. Each factor in production is out to get what it can for its own. It is dog-eat-dog with a vengeance. Each unit of production will tell you that it is the other fellow's fault, that it merely wishes to be sure of a fair share of the gravy. No sector of the production front, be it the actors, managers, playwrights, designers, or stagehands, is willing to admit that its *own* trade practices might be somewhat fairer without nudging Heaven.

Begin with the actors. They are far and away the most popular group, for they are the ones in the public eye. Their looks, their personalities, their abilities produce a direct effect on the spectator. They all belong to Actors' Equity Association. They had an able apologist in Alfred Harding, whose "The Revolt of the Actors" has put their case admirably. They had been gouged by managers, snubbed by playwrights and stagehands, exploited by everyone in the theatre until they finally fought back. But now they are fighting to maintain their privileges. They have won minimum salaries, but probably at the expense of the middle-priced group. At the top, the stars get more and more as the competition for their services increases. Ed Wynn, Al Jolson, Gertrude Lawrence, Paul Muni, Helen Hayes can get what (and sometimes more) than the traffic will bear. There is the classic example of *Laugh, Town, Laugh,* a vaudeville-revue which had won excellent notices and good box office support. The star's salary was so high, what with a flat guarantee and sliding percentages, that it couldn't break even at $15,000 a week. The star can go to radio or Hollywood or find another manager who will attempt to pay what he asks, but the middle and low-salaried player has no such outlet. There isn't enough demand for *his* services, though his playing may have contributed considerably to the show's success.

Actors have won rehearsal pay and run-of-the-play contracts. These last work both ways, however, for frequently tempting film offers are forthcoming, though of course the actors can always make themselves so disagreeable backstage that the manager has no recourse except to hand them a one-way ticket to Los Angeles. They have won these things and know very well how to protect their rights. The producer must come to Equity.

IN all fairness, however, it must be said that as a group theactors come out of the mess known as theatrical producing with less mud clinging to them than any single group. Still, most of them won't relax their financial demands for a moment, no matter how much they may restrict production, because they don't trust any other group. There are shocking instances of seeming abuse of power. Managers have always been privileged to call the company together to be photographed for publicity pictures which further the play's running chances. Now, occasionally, a motion picture company has wished in the past to film a play in performance for guidance in making a picture. This is called "picturization," a misleading bastard phrase. Equity has demanded extra-pay (one week's salary) for this with some reason, because their members fail to benefit, except in so far as they may be taken for the film counterparts of their stage roles as a result of it. However, Equity not long ago decided that photographing the cast for publicity displays in such magazines as *Life* or *Pic* or for such a newspaper as *The New York Times* should be placed in the same category. This publicity presumably aids a play, but Equity suspected that the managers were being paid for these

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pictures. So far as can be determined this was not proven. At any rate, actors must now be paid though it is obviously to their advantage to have the pictures published. If the photographs are merely for lobby display or for occasional pictures in newspapers, then these may be taken at certain specified times. Equity tries to be fair, but it would seem that it is shortsighted in stretching the meaning of "picturization" to damaging extremes.

Next to be considered are the dramatists, at least those of them that are left outside Hollywood and Radio City. They contend that the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America is not a union, but a voluntary association. Nevertheless, you can't get a play produced on Broadway unless a Dramatists' Guild contract is used and the author pays a percentage of his profits to the Guild. Theoretically, John Doe and a manager could decide to have John's play produced without the blessing of the 39th Street organization. If they did, the manager would be blacklisted. No other American playwright (or English one for that matter, so well has the Guild done its work) would deal with the offending producer. He would be ruined in a season or so because, even if the play was a hit, he could secure no other plays to go on with. He would then be at the mercy of his author, who, if he chose, could desert to Hollywood, or make a pilgrimage

George S. Kaufman, as caricatured by Eva Herrmann in "On Parade."

to Canossa (in this case to fascinating Luise Sillcox, Executive Secretary, who could turn his case over to the Council of the Guild for action). Perhaps Elmer Rice, the President, or Howard Lindsay, or Lillian Hellman, or some of the other powers that be would discipline him. Or perhaps they would prefer him to the ninety and nine who were already saved. The case has never arisen, or not to this writer's knowledge. No one has dared.

You would think, however, that the actors and playwrights could get together since they both represent something of the same point of view in the theatre. Each has a stake in the best possible play and best possible acting. Each has suffered at the hands of the producers. The playwrights had an impossible situation on their hands. They were exploited shockingly by managers who took options on plays they did not mean to produce, to prevent someone else from getting them. Or who insisted on the kind of rewriting which killed the script. Or who did it themselves with a broomstick. Or who held scripts for long periods while they vacillated over them until everyone else had lost interest and then returned them to the luckless dramatist.

For all of these reasons you might expect, if you were sufficiently naive, that the playwrights could get together to try out plays for managers, backers, agents, and film companies to see, and so open up new avenues for expansion of the theatre. Indeed, in the winter of 1940-41, a number of hopeful people, such as Antoinette Perry, Winifred Lenihan, Margaret Webster, Clifford Goldsmith, Ben Lackland, George Sklar, Lula Vollmer, Ruth Hammond, Arthur Kober, formed the Experimental Theatre. This group was to show new scripts by new playwrights and with new, untried actors. Both groups would benefit directly and so would the theatre as a whole.

Well, four productions were made in 1941 and 1942. The Experimental Theatre staged Euripides's "The Trojan Woman" with such "unknown" actresses as Margaret Webster and her mother, Dame May Witty, and declined to use Edith Hamilton's fine translation, as yet professionally untried, and preferred the Professor Gilbert Murray lady-like Victorian version. (Even Dame Sybil Thorndyke, who made her reputation in Murray's Greek adaptations, exclaimed with enthusiasm over the Hamilton version). Three other plays were performed: George Harr's "Steps Leading Up," George Corey's "Not in Our Stars," and Paul Horgan's "Yours, A. Lincoln." The critics attended and were reasonably polite, but were unable to avow much enthusiasm. The Euripides dud had taken the life out of everyone. The third production came near to sale. William A. Brady was reputed to be willing to buy it during its performance. The officials dilly-dallied and when the veteran manager read the notices (*most* of them were good), he lost his enthusiasm, or so the pundits opine. Nothing has been performed for nearly a year because only recently a new contract was signed after months and months of delay.

Incidentally, the dramatists have reduced the manager's share of the film rights to forty percent. Out of these he has frequently paid for the appalling production costs which any play demands, no matter how simple its requirements. He has rented the theatre (again on a percentage basis),

Elmer Rice, President of the Dramatists' Guild.

paid everyone, including the actors and everyone down to the innumerable hangers-on; but when it comes down to collecting the cold cash for the movie rights, the playwright takes sixty percent. Unless the manager carries the play for twenty-four performances in New York or seventy-five on the road, he loses any share of the Will Hays golden gravy.

The dramatists will tell you (in fact several of them have on various occasions, such as Elmer Rice or Howard Lindsay) that the plight of the young writer is terrific. The chances against his getting his play produced are nearly a thousand to one. He is forced to turn to radio (if he is lucky enough to get a chance in that tightly-packed field) or, more likely, to the films.

BUT, whatever the protestations of the successful writers about the hardships suffered by the newcomers, the fact remains that their sympathy has been little implemented with action. Are they willing to set aside a percentage of their profits to provide scholarships for worthy young writers, or to help them along in any material way? John Golden, a manager and sometime playwright, has done this (once) of his own accord. The Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundations have taken it in their stride,

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but have the wealthier members of the Dramatists' Guild?

By this time, most people rightly accept labor unions as an absolute necessity of society as presently constructed. They came into existence in the theatre to correct a terrific inequity; on the whole, they have succeeded in doing just that. Yet it is necessary to recognize that there have been abuses.

The groups paid by the producers are the stagehands and musicians. Local Number One and Local 802 are known along Broadway from 39th Street to Central Park. The latter union (musicians) has more than local fame and we will hear more of them later. The stagehands, too, were exploited when the Shuberts (in stories it is always the *Shuberts,* but no doubt the most artistic, learned, and erudite managers participated) were reputed to pay their "grips" four bits a performance. It never seems possible to trace down the exact sum; doubtless it is merely a canard on the producers' generosity, but no one questions the fact that the stagehands were grossly underpaid. As unions grew in power, so did their financial demands. Now a "grip," who frequently has little to do but gather for a nightly session of poker in the basement, gets nearly as much as an actor and a good deal more than a non-acting assistant stage manager. The heads draw down slightly in excess of a hundred dollars a week, though they are required to put in somewhat more (though precious little) time in the theatre than the eight performances a week. The union decides how many stagehands a show requires. If a management is unpopular, it has been said that more men somehow are needed to shift the sets and lift the bowls of flowers than if the producer is known as "right" with the boys. Incidentally, there are two groups in the theatre who are known as "the boys," the stagehands and the critics. There is no connection so far as I have been able to discover, but doubtless someone will be glad to trace the genealogy.

PRODUCTIONS cost three and four times and more what they did twenty years ago and you may remember prices were pretty high then, too. To build a show costs literally a fortune. In the introduction to Lajos Egri's "How to Write a Play," the plump and astute Gilbert Miller states that "a production . . . will cost as much as a Long Island mansion." This is literally true. Then you will find that the stagehands treat it as so much scenery. They change the backstage personnel to "spread the work" (probably not so prevalent now as it was a few years ago) regardless of whether the smoothness of performance is affected or not. A man may have been trained to do a job, to know his cues, and be trusted by the hard-working stage manager to get along with the minimum of supervision. Suddenly Al isn't there any more; Bill has been sent to take his place.

This is admirable sociology, but the maintenance of a smooth and satisfactory performance should be important to all the backstage people. If the public finds a ragged show, they tell their friends, business falls off, and the closing notice goes up. Then everyone is out of a job, the stagehands included, all because they practised their benevolent social policy at the expense of everyone else. They also keep on their rolls (and this is particularly true outside of New York, especially in the less frequently played cities) men who are much too old to work. They can't lift the sets or can only move the lightest props at the slowest pace. It is humane to see that their union looks after its superannuated, but it is doing it at everyone's expense—including its own. Incidentally, the stagehands demanded to be paid (and were) for the performances of the Experimental Theatre, for which there was no scenery and kitchen chairs were used for properties, while authors, actors, directors, and press agents *gave* their services. The powers that be had forgotten to consult the stagehands in advance. If they'd been asked along with everyone else, doubtless they would have worked for nothing, too. But someone forgot to ask them and stagehands are very human, frequently likable but *very* sensitive. Ask someone who knows one.

By this time, I suppose everyone has heard of the musicians who demand to be paid for *not* playing. If a theatre has *ever* had an orchestra in it and the musicians are dropped (no entr'acte music, no overture) then that playhouse becomes a "penalty house." If a musician is ever needed for incidental music or a musical comedy is booked in, then extra men must be carried to make up for the months or years when no players were used. Occasionally the musicians crack down in amusing spots. Ironically, Marc Blitzstein's left-wing "The Cradle Will Rock," had the switch pulled on it by Local 802 when the union insisted that ten musicians be hired because of some ruling or other. This, despite the fact that the script called for only a piano—to be played by the composer himself!

Sometimes these men indulge in other disputes, as in the case of "In Time to Come" when the management had used certain recordings to suggest bands during the action of the play. The union demanded that men be hired (or at least paid for *not* performing). Otto Preminger, the producer, objected, but possibly was not as tactful as he might have been in his dealing with the officials. As a result, the musicians threw a picket line in front of the Mansfield. Let it be said to the credit of the actors, stagehands, box office people, press agents, ushers, and cleaners, that they continued to work.

Certainly, not all of the blame (only a small portion) can be laid at the door of Local 802. However, their action in this matter is symptomatic of their unwillingness to coöperate with the rest of the forces within the theatre to keep it a live and a going concern.

THE house treasurers; the box-office staff (which the public regards as the most high-hat people in the world, who just possibly may deign to sell you a ticket to a hit and who put on an act trying to make a flop look successful); the ticket agencies, a by-product of the public's laziness and managerial greed; the cleaners who perform when you're not around and the matrons who do when you are; the hat-check concession people; and "Pop," the stage doorman, are all other factors in show business. Then, of course, there are the press agents, who are perhaps the only really efficient element in play producing. The designers, scene and costume, have to belong to a union ($500 initiation fee plus a stiff examination and you are lucky even then if you are tapped) which includes among its membership a large number of scene painters and has all of the high esthetic principles inherent in these estimable characters. The directors of stage shows are not unionized so they have to depend on their own individual efforts to secure a good fee for staging. This is usually a flat sum plus a percentage. The top flight ones such as Hassard Short, John Murray Anderson, Rouben Mamoulian, George S. Kaufman, Robert B. Sinclair, Edgar MacGregor, Reginald Denham, Shepard Traube, Robert Milton, Lee Strasberg, and Elia Kazan can count on several shows a year. These men work hard for their money, do their job as best they can, which is usually very well indeed. Occasionally, directors mar their record with temperament, but on the whole they work well and efficiently.

This now brings us to the producer-

(*Continued on page* 20)

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A Slice of Gibraltar

MALTA STORY. By W. L. River. Based on the Diary and Experiences of Flying Officer Howard M. Coffin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 222 *pp.* $2.50.

MALTA SPITFIRE. The Story of a Fighter Pilot. By Flying Officer George F. Beurling and Leslie Roberts. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 235 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

GEORGE F. BEURLING and Howard M. Coffin both flew on Malta, but, as far as can be ascertained, they never met. Beurling, a Canadian, flew a Spitfire and in fourteen flying days he shot down twenty-seven Axis aircraft, damaged eight more, and had three "probables" chalked up to his credit. For this remarkable achievement he received Britain's highest air awards, four decorations at one investiture. Howard M. Coffin never totals up his victories in his book, and recently exchanged his R.A.F. uniform for the tunic of the U. S. Army Air Forces. But he lived through a longer period of greater hell than Beurling, and out of his experiences W. L. River has composed a story, part fiction, part fact, which is one of the great stories of the war.

There is no dividing line here between what Coffin actually experienced and what Mr. River, in the interests of creating a war novel of great impact, added to the facts. Nor is it of any importance. "Malta Story" is not a history or a factual report; it is a novel which hits the reader right between the eyes and tells in the most gripping and descriptive prose of the ordeal which the men and women of the "unsinkable aircraft carrier" went through before the skies were cleared.

I am reminded, reading this book, of the description given long ago by a German dive-bomber pilot of his attack on the harbor of Valetta, where the *Illustrious* lay gravely stricken after that valiant carrier had been torpedoed and bombed in the Mediterranean. This German soared out over the sea from Sicily and there was not a plane in the sky to hinder him or shoot him down. He told of the beauty of that scene—the sea so blue beneath him, the tiny island, green and fringed with white, the clouds tinged with the gold of late afternoon. In that peaceful sky, suspended in this beauty, he wheeled his plane, flipped over on his back and came down in a long, lazy dive to drop his bombs. There was scarcely even anti-aircraft fire to disturb him. His work done, he circled once and headed back for home. Beneath him, Malta trembled, and in her bombed cities more houses crumbled into ruins, more people died.

When Howard Coffin came to Malta with two hundred other Hurricanes, he found out why there was so little opposition from the island. There were three planes there—"Three great bloody airdromes and three bloomin' little crates," as one of his colleagues remarked. The two hundred Hurricanes which were flown in from carriers were to hold the island through the worst period of the blitz which was to come—and how bad that was can be deduced from the fact that, of the two hundred pilots who landed that evening, six survived.

"Malta Story" is written with a depth of feeling for the island's ordeal that grips you and does not let you go. There are many Maltese heroes in the story—little people like Charley Grek, Coffin's batboy, who wouldn't take money from the pilots but only asked that they "kill all the Nazi and Fascist bombers, smash them like bugs"; Lina, the little Maltese girl who looked like a Madonna and was good and fine despite the desperate "badness" to which she was driven by the tragedy of war; Father Osta, the Italian priest who escaped from Italy so that he could preach the word of God and was killed in his own church by Axis bombs. There are the other three Americans in Coffin's group: Eddie Streets, the little lad who loved Lina and was killed; Don Tedford, a quiet man who was engaged to a schoolteacher in Texas; Pete Steele, the lanky, cynical romanticist of the sleepy smile who died trying to save a ship in which he thought was the girl he loved. And the girl—Jimmie, the WAAF, who came to Malta and found her great love for Coffin.

There is a great deal more in this book which adds up to an absorbing story. It has a touch of Erich Maria Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front"; it breathes the atmosphere of the frontline fight of people trying desperately to retain a bit of human happiness in a world of death and tragedy. It is a great book and a great story, a fitting monument to the heroes, military and civilian, who held Malta in a battle as grim as that of Sevastopol and Stalingrad.

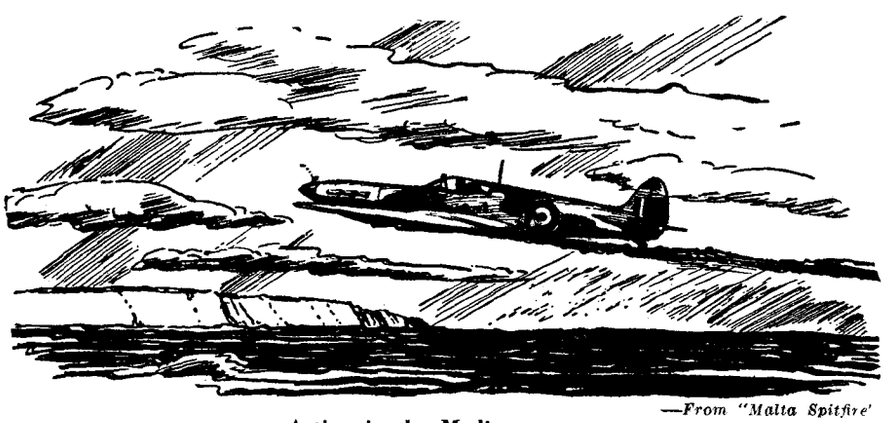
Coffin mentions, toward the end of his book, the coming of the Spitfires flown by George F. Beurling and his colleagues, and the relief that the newcomers brought to the hard-pressed island. How different the atmosphere was already at that time is clearly evident from Beurling's story, "Malta Spitfire." This is, in fact, a totally different kind of book: a fast-moving, breezy story of the makings of a fighter pilot from his first "flip" at the age of ten at a little Canadian airport to the perfected fighting machine whose shooting is as deadly accurate and coldbloodedly exact as that of a hunter stalking his prey.

Beurling's story is told entirely in his own words, and he is a good talker. It is a highly interesting story of the thorough training given a man before he is sent up in the fast and deadly Spits to combat the enemy. It is marred only by one thing: the parenthetical remarks introduced here and there by Leslie Roberts, who put the story together and who, for reasons obscure to this reviewer, thought it necessary to break up Beurling's running conversation every now and then with explanations of his own.

"Malta Spitfire" is not the great story that the other is, but as a record of the makings of a World War II fighter pilot it is worth reading. Between the two of them, these books fill a gap in our knowledge of how Malta was preserved against such hopeless odds and tell the world a story of heroism which surely will rank with the great sieges of history.

Steven Vincent Benét's poem "To the People of France," printed in the July 24 issue of *The Saturday Review*, contained an error in verse four, line two. The line, as the author intended it, is:

The lovely land, the clear thought,
the bells of Gaul on the wind,



—*From "Malta Spitfire"*

Action in the Mediterranean

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What Germany Needs

A Popular Revolution Against Paternalism

JAMES MARSHALL

BOOKS on the post-war world are written for the most part by statesmen and professors. They are solid books by solid people to whom revolution is so unlovely that they shrink from facing the possible therapeutic effects of popular revolutions in undemocratic lands. They do not see that, when the powers of 1848 used Cavour and the House of Savoy to crush the Risorgimento of Garibaldi and Mazzini, they prevented democracy from becoming rooted in Italy. Statesmen and generals today probably prefer the retention of the House of Savoy and the imposition of a new Cavour to a free expression by the Italian people.

When at the close of the First World War the Allies took part in suppressing the Spartacist revolt engineered by Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, they elected to risk a new war rather than to chance a Communist revolution in Germany. And we got what we chose because the mass of the German people found no spiritual release from their defeat, no emotional release from their suppression, while behind the mask of the Weimar Republic the great cartels, the Reichswehr officers, and the remnant of the Junker class denied defeat and commenced to find means to satisfy their unresolved drive for domination.

German history is furrowed with periods of humiliation and depression from which the German people have sought to recover not by the acceptance and realization of its great creative capacities but through bombast and truculence. This is the story of Henry IV at Canossa and its aftermath; of Luther and the Thirty Years War; of the dynasty of the Great Elector and the defeats by the armies of Napoleon; of Bismarck and Kaiser Wilhelm II and Versailles. There is a parallel, too, in the history of Italy and Japan, defeat, depression, and aggression forming a repetitive national pattern. Of all the great powers, these three nations failed to have a popular revolution.

The reason why a popular revolution is necessary to free a people of domination is that it is the only means of freeing themselves from that form of paternalism under which they live. It is through such an upheaval that they learn the meaning of equality. This has its parallel in individual life in the period of adolescence, those years of revolt against family paternalism, those years in which normal young people acquire the courage and capacity to find satisfaction in equality and in interdependence rather than in dependence.

In the issue of July 1, 1943, The Saturday Review *published a symposium dealing with "Is Germany Incurable?" by Dr. Richard M. Brickner. Because of the continuing interest in this subject, as well as in this book, the editors have arranged for an occasional series on Germany and the German people, beginning with the present article by Mr. Marshall. In the issue of Aug.* 28, SRL *will publish the first of several papers by Struthers Burt on his student days in Germany.*

When people fail to achieve this maturity they tend to remain dependent on some father-figure, some authority, and in turn to seek to dominate some one weaker, some one through whose subservience they can relieve their own subservient anxieties.

—"The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.
Angel of Mercy

When a nation has not had a successful popular revolution, it does not pass through its period of political adolescence, it fails to attain that political and economic maturity which we call democracy, that social order based primarily on interdependence and equality rather than domination.

Failure to achieve such individual or social maturity, however, does not make the individual or nation paranoid or otherwise psychopathic, but, when combined with humiliation and the failure to find satisfactions in one's own capacities and relations with family, friends, and neighbors, it creates a ground on which a herd of psychopaths may fatten. For then the paranoid in his endless power-hunger can feed his insatiable tapeworm, his bottomless neurosis, with the domination of people who cannot stand up to him as equal, whose prevailing patterns of behavior are dependence, not collaboration, who are not sure of themselves but craven before any one who shouts "Verboten!"

German society is built upon paternalism. It infests the organism and determines the prevailing pattern. No wonder Hitler could say that the masses are like a woman and prefer him who comes as a master to him who comes with an appeal and freedom.

THE German father has dominated the family in the tradition of the Roman *pater familias*, in a manner and to a degree rare to the English-speaking world and to the French or Russian family. The attitude to the father is carried over to teacher, to officialdom, to the state—and now to that supreme father-figure the Führer. (The same pattern prevails in the Japanese family, culminating in the Mikado.)

The most vital step, then, in bringing the German people to political and social maturity is a popular revolution which will break the tradition of the past and break both the paternalistic pattern which throttles the maturity of Germans individually and the cycle of depression and aggression which stems from the emotional insecurity of a father-ridden people.

The next most important step is a revision of the German educational system which, even before the Nazis, trained people for subservience to a paternalistic state—a state to be served not to serve. The schools must also be rid of that glorification of cruelty and aggression which permeated them from the text books of the lower grades to the duels of Heidelberg. It is worth noting the sadism of Grimm's Fairy Tales and comparing them to the humanity of those of the Scandinavian Andersen.

A change in the emphasis of Ger-

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man education will undoubtedly come about if there is a revolution. It is essential even if there be no revolution. This reëmphasis must be stimulated by the occupation forces of the United Nations, stimulated but not forced upon resisting victims by an army of carpet-baggers. There are many older teachers who never espoused Nazism. The young men and women who supported the recent proclamation of the students of Munich are anti-Nazi. They are to be trusted.

Finally, Germany must be rehabilitated by readmission into the family of nations. It must not be humiliated by ostracism; it must not be nagged with reparation demands; it must not be frustrated through exclusion from world markets.

Before these steps can be realized, before even a German revolution can occur, certains events will have to take place. Hitler, the great father-figure, and his lesser symbols must be destroyed, must be executed or imprisoned. For guilt requires punishment—otherwise the failure to punish will stimulate a new challenge by the guilty. The heavy steel and chemical industries of Germany—and possibly the airplane factories as well—must be dismantled. The great cartels which dominated German policy and stimulated the idea of world conquest must be eradicated—they must not be permitted to escape by hiding behind American or British or Dutch or Swedish partners. For the gun must be removed from the delinquent as the first act of reformation. At the same time a minimum supply of food and medicine must be assured to avoid justifiable resentment.

Then the armies of occupation should withdraw and permit the German people to have their revolution or revolutions, to find their own level. Some form of policing may be necessary, not of the internal affairs of the German people, not to block revolution, not to repeat the mistakes of 1918-1919, but to keep Germany from rearming for sufficient generations for a new educational system to become effective. Foreign experts must be made available in the first years to help to replace the losses of war and the concentration camps, but neither to substitute for nor to rule the Germans.

The Nazis and their associates, the men of the cartels and the officer class, must with finality be removed from the possibility of recapturing power. But that does not mean that we should establish a new paternalism to reënergize the cycle of depression and aggression. The German people must, on the contrary, be made to feel that they are the only possible masters of their own fate. They must be helped to find that the way to satisfaction is the coöperative efforts of equals, as individuals, and as a nation, and the realization of their own particular capacities.

James Marshall was President and still is a member of the New York City Board of Education, and the author of "The Freedom to Be Free."

The Conversion of an American Reporter

NEWS IS WHAT WE MAKE IT. By Kenneth Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 340 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

IN terms of the newspaperman, Kenneth Stewart has written a good, accurate part of the story of the typical American in the years between the great wars. Stewart, whose career began in close proximity to the blowing of town whistles announcing the news of the Armistice and was last reported as a News Specialist in the O.W.I., seems almost designed by God to be and to tell that typical story.

It seemed to me also typical in the midst of the second war that he has written his story, a little over solemnly, in terms of a once "post-war" newspaper generation which, as he reports, escaped from lively irresponsibility through hard times to thinking and to present determination on a better world and a better press. I wish I were sure that the passage of the years Mr. Stewart describes were as permanent a part of the progress of mankind as it certainly was a part of the advance of Mr. Stewart and myself and a good many others from youth to middle age.

Be that as it may or may not be, there can be no question that Mr. Stewart as reporter was on hand to report all the details of his generation of the American gentlemen of the press who became, in the language of himself and the Newspaper Guild, the "common people in the working press." That generation's story was his story, from the young cynicism which was a normal part of Harding's normalcy, by way of expatriate journalism in Paris, through the tragic death of *The New York World,* to the discovery that the class struggle was in the news room itself, and that Heywood Broun was a prophet even if Arthur Sulzberger was not quite Simon Legree.

Mr. Stewart was among those ministering unsuccessfully to it during the dying of *The Literary Digest.* He watched *The New York World* die from the sympathetic security of *The Herald Tribune* news room. There was a similar sense of something even more important dying in the spectacle of the Spanish Civil War as seen from the eighth floor of *The New York Times* Annex on 43rd Street. The Newspaper Guild in those years represented something growing in his head as well as in the United States. From the security of *The Times* he moved to the lively new righteousness of *PM,* from *PM* to Harvard as a Nieman Fellow in Journalism, from Har-

vard to this book, and from this book to the Office of War Information. Above all he moved to his faith that the "common people of the working press" have learned to fight for peace and decency on earth.

It is a good, brave faith and maybe it is something that Mr. Stewart can hand on, as he undertakes to do, to others who are young now in their turn. We will have to wait to find out about that. The young may stubbornly choose to be young, in their turn to become wise only in their own way in their own time. The one certain thing is that Mr. Stewart, if he represents his generation, has gotten religion. That is an interesting if also solemn thing to see. Watching Mr. Stewart's conversion in this story is the more remarkable for remembering that he is one of that reportorial generation which was supposed to take its first sustenance from bathtub gin, H. L. Mencken's irreverences, and its own contempt for crusaders.

A Grace

Rosamund Dargan Thomson

THIS dry pale land released
From the sucking sun and the rain
Need not now remember
What it must carry of grain.

The cold is enough to comfort
This uneventful earth;
And the trusty silence of winter
Celebrates a dearth;

A giving over, a dying.
And the empty acre learns
A grace for the hours of numbness
Till bearing-time returns.

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The Coming Partnership

GOVERNMENT, BUSINESS AND VALUES. By Beardsley Ruml. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 52 *pp.* $1.

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS TOMORROW. By Donald R. Richberg. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by SAUL COHN

IN Dr. Ruml's slender volume he presents clearly the way for unity in the purposes and practices of government and free enterprise. In the last decade we have seen a great deal in writing prompted by an overweening admiration for business and government, or a bitter criticism of either or both. Dr. Ruml refreshingly takes the role of philosopher and affable arbiter and limits himself to the marking out of guide-posts. In dealing with rules he differentiates between those which make up private government involved in the operation of enterprise, and the public rules made by government to preserve human values. The important distinction is that there is an inevitable and continuing contrast between the basic purpose of government which seeks to foster the interests of citizens, and that of business which deals with commercial and money values. The effort must be, therefore, to fix the rules of the game so precisely that the activities on both sides may be harmonized in a practical way.

The rules made by public government must be designed to utilize the traits of enterprise towards a full and beneficial production. This means that government must encourage competition, regulate monopoly, safeguard employees, and make the climate for business conducive to high employment. Business, on the other hand, must observe a proper relation with those who sell raw and finished materials, the employee, the customer, the stockholder, and government itself.

Dr. Ruml's is a thought-provoking book for managers of industrial, commercial, and labor policies. Its meaningful quality lies in pointing out the need for order in the trends of conduct on the part of the government and business. There need be no conflict. The contrast in purposes need not involve any split allegiances to the welfare of society. The dissonance in the purpose of business and government can be made to produce harmony by the same method that an accomplished musician arrives at it.

Dr. Ruml stresses the need of business's doing the job in a way that will produce consent and good will and develops an interesting notion about the state of mind necessary on the part of the customer or employee. This he calls a "sense of homefulness." This "sense" is the basis of the assent or approval which, for illustration, the employee and customer can give to the way in which an enterprise is conducted or in which government carries out its objectives. He indicates graphically that our consciousness of home is not limited to material objects; that home is also a group of people who generally know what to expect from each other. The relations between people of a home are "half-felt" and "half-understood." The essence of the home is "change within a known framework," and this framework is made up of sympathy, understanding, and peace—but there is also rivalry, conflict, and the unexpected. In short, the folks get along because of the "homefulness" in their atmosphere. So business must get along, even with the diversity of interests that may exist between it and government.

In "Government and Business Tomorrow" Donald R. Richberg has grouped empirical experience gained through an active legal career. The book "is an appeal for careful thinking about their own interests by those engaged in business—owners, managers, and workers. It is an appeal to try to reach agreement on principles and methods of protecting their common interests." Basically the outlook is the same as Dr. Ruml's.

The author reviews the archaic attitudes which have characterized business in its relations with government and labor. The unreasoning attitude with employees is discussed and the doctrine established that the size of modern business imposes upon management the social obligation of maintaining full employment. Mr. Richberg reviews the history of labor since the Civil War and insists that the rights and obligations of management and labor have not yet been coherently established. The main cause of failure in labor-management relations has been due to policies of government, first in sticking too long to property rights, and then in winking at the force used by labor. The need of protecting the rights of investors is ably set forth and the necessary change of concepts to this end cogently stated. Responsibility to consumers is outlined and the function of competition as the essential way of preserving free enterprise is stressed as a means of affording protection to the consumer.

Beardsley Ruml develops an interesting notion about a state of mind.

There is a clear exposition of foreign revolutionary programs—Fascism, Nazism, and Communism. The reader may not agree with Mr. Richberg's conclusions that America can work more understandingly with the Russian rather than with the other revolutionary forms. However, he observes that the Russians have *not* been taught that they or any other people are a master race, or that military conquest is the destiny of a great people. or that wealth, hereditary power, or special privileges should control government. Our native teachings make liberty the ultimate goal, and the Russians, he feels, come closer to the American way—though the reader might find it difficult to see how individual liberty can be preserved when the state controls property and its uses.

The book is written in a fluent style, easily understandable and is couched in lofty tones. However, a wide variety of subjects is covered; each has a far-flung influence whose basic relationships are interwoven with other powerful forces that constitute our democracy. There is therefore a constant rehearsal of principles and illustrations which might be compressed for the sake of clarity.

For those in industry or labor who have worked on the basis of mere tolerance for each other, the book is an eye-opener. It shows that this kind of tolerance is negative and fruitless. The public relations which business, labor, and government must maintain should be based on an affirmative and aggressive sense of the full measure of unity required. For those who have wondered whether capitalism can fit into a healthy democratic experience, this book is a convincing profession of faith.

Saul Cohn is a former president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, and is now president of City Stores Company.

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Getting a Ride to the War

TRANSPORT FOR WAR. By Edward Hungerford. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 272 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR TRAIN

THIS is an interesting, informative, and comprehensive account of America's vast transport world and how it has been successfully coördinated for the prodigious needs of the present war, written by a man who after thirty years experience knows what he is talking about and who has vividly dramatized the logistic problems magnificently overcome since the disruptive shock of Pearl Harbor. Mr. Hungerford's sketches of the historical development of our complex ganglia of inland waterways, steel rails, roads, and airways are picturesque and often thrilling. A lot of United States history is packed away in the divers introductory paragraphs and much geography as well, with which everyone of us ought to be familiar but usually is not. He tells us what the situation was at the outbreak of World War I and how it was handled, (not without some acrid criticism of the brief and inglorious governmental Railroad Administration under President Wilson) and then plunges into his saga of the miracle of accomplishment of today's conflict.

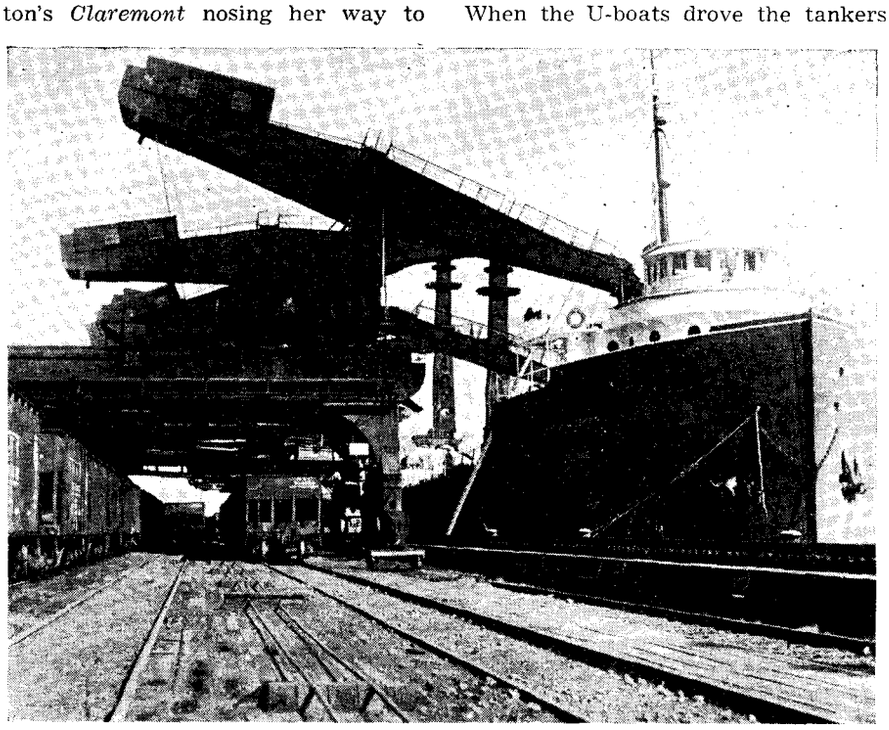
The story of the development of transport over the inland waterways of the Great Lakes, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, and the Mississippi, is an enormous epic,—from Robert Fulton's *Claremont* nosing her way to Albany in 1807, through the golden age of steamboating in the days of Mark Twain, to the great ore carriers plying between the tip of Lake Superior to the Lake Erie ports, which often follow one another through the giant locks of Sault Ste. Marie on a twelve-minute headway in each direction, the heaviest and cheapest freight service in the world. Steel is, of course, our most essential commodity and 99 per cent of the ore comes down the pathway of the upper lakes. When war was declared, the Office of Defense Transportation at Washington took over this carrying trade and set that almost incredible figure of 90,000,000 tons as the amount to be brought from Lake Superior to the south shore of Lake Erie during 1942. By organization, coöperation, and by the pooling of ports as well as ships this was topped by 2,000,000 tons.

The impact of the war upon all means of transportation caused tremendous dislocation and required intricate readjustment. Not only did the nation have to be trained for war, with all which that implied, but our production had to be multiplied to the nth-power and moved to its proper destination. There were bottlenecks of supply, mounting accumulations of materials in sidings, docks, and yards, the necessity of moving whole army divisions with their complete armored equipment at short notice, and of bringing oil across the continent by rail and by water up the Mississippi. When the U-boats drove the tankers off the sea, skill, patriotism, and heroic effort brought about an astounding result. In the first ten months of the war, the railroads handled more than 8,000,000 troops, not counting men on furlough—nearly four times as many as during the same period in 1917, delivered an average of 6000 daily carloads of material to camps, plants, and projects, and brought from the Southwest to the Northeast 34,000,000 gallons of oil a day—seventy-five times more than they had been moving eighteen months before. The astonishing fact is that our railroads, during the first half of 1942, hauled nearly 100 per cent more freight miles than in the first half of the last war—with 20,000 fewer locomotives and 500,000 fewer freight cars.

How could they do it? "Transport for War" will tell you, and how freight and passenger trains, ore carriers, tankers, canal barges, motor trucks and buses, cargo planes or "flying freight cars," have been coördinated to each other and to the movement of troops. For when a military expedition is to cross the ocean, everything has to arrive at the port of embarkation exactly on time. Hence, some transport has to be accelerated, some retarded, and export munitions or freight stored back of the major ports until the right moment is at hand. The flow has to be uninterrupted to the docks. "Keep 'em moving" is as important as "keep 'em flying!" Indeed it is the same thing. Our transport system in wartime is like the arterial system of the human body—if it is clogged, we die.

The story of how our transport has been kept moving is one to fill the reader with pride, for it is convincing as to the genius of our people and their ability to perform incredibly complicated tasks under the handicaps of a democratic form of government.

"Transport for War" gives all the facts and figures—almost too many figures perhaps, but they speak far louder than mere generalities and are essential to the narrative, which is brisk, forceful, often humorous, while on occasion Mr. Hungerford pulls no punches.



—*New York Central System*

Teamwork in transportation. Coördination of facilities has been one of the chief reasons for the signal success in moving men and materiel.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 489)

HOLT:
GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

He had no patience with *about*. . . . *About* is always wrong. . . . If you come to a stream five feet wide and jump four and a half feet you fall in and get drowned. You might just as well have tumbled in . . . and saved yourself the exertion. . . .

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THE WAR IS NOT IN THE BOOKS

WALT WHITMAN said of the Civil War, "the real war will never get in the books." And it did not in his time, except for a few poems of his own and the little known novels of De Forest. The First World War, however, had a vast literature, and, in the books published in the period of realism and disillusion which followed 1918, every inner phase of man's reaction to dirt, violence, suffering, and death gets its articulation in literature.

So far in the Second World War, and in English at least, we have had the journalism of the war, but not its literature. And what a journalism it has been! Vivid, emphatic, observant, objective, intensely descriptive, with the new regions of the air demanding a new language, new figures, new backgrounds for the old patterns of personal combat! Even the ghost-written books have been memorable. Yet so far it is all in two dimensions, which is another way of saying that it is journalism, brilliant, but probably ephemeral in the emotional record of the human race. The literature of this war is still to come; and it is not without significance that so many of the best books of war adventure have been written by entirely unliterary young men, sometimes incapable of writing themselves, whose simple view of experience has often given us such direct and unimpeded narrative that one feels, as often in times of crisis, that if this is only good journalism, yet it is better than any literature except the best.

The reason for all this is fundamental and very interesting. The outbreak of the last war was a stunning surprise to the sensitive and reflective among, at least, the English-speaking nations. They had persuaded themselves that war was anachronistic, that it could come only through the bad judgment of incompetent leaders, or the machinations of the greedy or the vain, and, if it did come, would quickly end in an era of good sense. When war did burst upon Europe, its first reaction in English was poetry, the poetry of young men willing to die for their country, but more impressed by the beauty of the life they were leaving, than inspired by any philosophy of revelation that peace had been an illusion, or that the old sinful Adam was still a chief reality in the world. Their poems were sincere; but the current journalism of the war, the narratives and descriptions of life and death in the trenches, were, to use the expressive modern word, a little phoney. They were propaganda, though not necessarily intentional propaganda. The English and afterward the American writers of the war years wrote of trench warfare with the humor mixed with melodrama of the descriptions of a football game. It was only after the war that the soul-searchings, the frustrations, the infinite boredoms and degenerations of that war were recorded in far more powerful books, in which, nevertheless, the idea that somehow all this misery was something imposed by stupid mistakes upon an unwilling race of men was implicit, and still more often loudly and bitterly proclaimed.

Nothing has been more impressive to an older generation than the way in which, in this country certainly, the same types of sensitive and reflective young men have taken this present war. A superficial observer might say that Tennyson's line, "theirs not to reason why," would apply to them, but that is emphatically not true. What has happened is—well, precisely, the long armistice, with its disillusions, its shoddy booms, its revealing depressions, its reverberations across the water from shoddy and ignoble men rousing whole nations by reviving the old predatory instincts of the race, the hatred of the in-group for the out-group, the mean satisfactions of the crushed little man in the brutal will and irresistible violence of his master the state. They grew up in these years. What they think of war it is too early to tell. But, unlike their fathers, they accept it as a fact with many causes, not an accident, not an error needing only the cure of common sense.

This seems to explain why this war, so far, is being reported, not interpreted. Interpretation has been left to the historians, the sociologists, the psychologists, who deal with causes, not, like literature, with the thing itself. What the thing itself means to our young men capable of literature we do not yet know, probably they do not yet know. They are necessarily content now with the two dimensions of journalism, the truth about action, the truth about will. The third dimension, the truth about the heart of man, is what makes literature, and that must wait.

Only one prophecy may be risked. When the real war gets into books, it will not be as in the 1920's, a debunking. There is plenty to condemn, but not much to debunk in our end of the war. Nor, do we believe, will it be disillusion. We are already disillusioned. Nor, do we hope and think, will it be despair. For even the journalism of this war is warm with faith in human nature, and a conviction that courage can win for all, if not for one.

H. S. C.

Garden Fancies

By Padraic Colum

PANSIES

YOUR eyes, your mouths, your brows betoken
A wish, a thought, that's all but null

Or spectral, say. And in you, *Pensées,*
That trace of mind ensorcelles us

As in the faces of the ladies
We see in prints of old Japan—

Theirs, like yours, are grave and limpid
And in a trance of wonderment—

You bring us, both, unto a bourn
Where minds are muted, thoughts are stayed,

You yellow, pied and purple Pansies,
And you, the deep-dyed Tyrian.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Untiring Fighter for Human Rights"

SIR: Ten years ago, in the late summer of 1933, I happened to stay at the famous Czech spa of Marienbad whence I had moved from Vienna, expecting my native country, hapless Austria, to be annexed by Nazi Germany "without the firing of a single shot." At Marienbad, however, which is not far from the German frontier, there existed some doubt as to the "peacefulness" of the Nazi methods, since one of Germany's outstanding exiles had just been assassinated there by German gunmen.

The Jewish cemetery where the murdered philosopher was buried in a grave of honor was surrounded by police. Significantly one of the wreaths deposited on his grave bore the inscription: "To Theodor Lessing, untiring fighter for human rights, from a friend, in the name of millions of Germans."

Lessing was hated by all German chauvinists chiefly because, in 1925, he had warned the nation against electing that dull reactionary, Field Marshall von Hindenburg, President of the Reich, foreseeing that this senile fool would be a tool in the hands of the rapidly growing anti-republican, anti-democratic forces eager to overthrow the republic. In the eight years to follow, Lessing wrote many brilliant articles attacking the New Barbarians.

To the emigrés from Central Europe the late Professor Lessing has become a symbol of their resistance to the powers of darkness. Regrettably, his work is little known in this country. Lessing, who held both Ph.D. and M.D. degrees, taught philosophy at the Technical College of his native city, Hanover, from 1908 to 1925 when he was forced to retire on account of his Hindenburg articles. He was very active as a social reformer, fighting against state-controlled prostitution and alcoholism, and for woman suffrage, clothing reform, and international good-will. He published learned philosophical studies as well as fine romantic prose poems, but his fame rests chiefly on his large, profound, though popularly written books "Geschichte als Sinngebung des Sinnlosen" and "Europa und Asien."

The first book is a frontal attack on historiography, clerical, nationalist, Marxist, or otherwise, a sincere endeavor to destroy historical legends and contortions of truth. According to Lessing, the purpose of history is to convey meaning to that which in and by itself is without sense. The widespread belief that history is a true mirror of sense and reason, of progress and justice, is wrong. If there is a relation of cause and effect in the process of history, this causality usually differs from that other "causality" which is a *post festum* product of the historian's own wishful thinking.

The second book is also an attack, namely on intellectualism, or rather on the cold merciless rationalizing type of intellect prevailing in Europe, as opposed to the tender, noble soul of Asia. Man, alienated from Mother Nature, ruthless, egotistical, ugly, has lost himself and is headed for chaos. It is to be deplored that Occidental man had diluted and desecrated the heritage of the Orient, thus depriving himself of beauty, truth, and nobility and turning into a sort of shrewd gorilla.

Since Lessing's books are, of course, *verboten* in Germany and none of his writings available in an English translation, it might be a good idea if some American publisher would pay attention to the treasures hidden in the late Lessing's literary work.

ALFRED WERNER.

New York, N. Y.

"No, he's not writing a book. He's holding up his end of a literary feud that began in 1903."

"Citizen Tom Paine"

SIR: I respect Janet Deitrick's independence in protesting against Howard Fast's "Citizen Tom Paine." I can chuckle over her paraphrase, "erudite reviewers . . . praise the lie and pass the information." It must be admitted that Fast's book does not agree in every detail with the authoritative biographies of Thomas Paine. But I am not offended by any "stench" from Mr. Fast's book. I do not agree that it presents a "shamelessly false" portrait of Thomas Paine.

I do not believe that Paine was a character out of Parson Weems, refusing to drink a single toast until the age of fifty-four. (By the way, should not a truly scientific historian tell us the month, the day, the hour, and minute when Citizen Tom drank this toast?)

Critic Deitrick, like a professional historian, has gone to some trouble to find specific inaccuracies in "Citizen Tom Paine." But is she not refusing to see the forest because of a few particular trees? The total impression of the character, Citizen Tom, is what should be judged. The concept of Paine formed by Howard Fast's book is that of a man who had experienced enough of oppression and tyranny and special privilege that he would say, "There are some situations for which no language is too strong!" Gin Row in London helps to explain his character. The total impression of this book is not one of which Mr. Fast need be ashamed.

Mr. Fast's finest ability is that which enables him successfully to create characters who think and act and live. The critics who have praised this book have wisely ignored such inaccuracies of detail as are present.

If I have any quarrel with Howard Fast it is on the grounds that he is viewing American history as he wishes it to be. Can he point to recent American history and show that its current is revolutionary and progressive? Or is it growing more traditional and reactionary? Even if this pessimistic view should be nearer the truth, the book "Citizen Tom Paine" has value as a positive effort to keep the spirit of progress alive in America.

DAVID K. BERNINGHAUSEN.

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

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TRADE Winds

ONCE EVERY SIX MONTHS or so, Henry Commager consents to leave the Columbia campus long enough to come downtown and lunch with me. We dispose of various world problems with the soup course, and settle down to a really serious discussion of just how terrible the next year's Columbia football team is likely to be. Last week we talked about Columbia's funny paper too—the *Jester*. . . . Morrie Ryskind was the editor of *Jester* back in 1917, but got the heave-ho for printing an editorial that displeased President Nicholas Murray Butler. I was only a Sophomore at the time, but inherited Morrie's job because there was nobody else around to take it. I ran into trouble with my very first issue. The dance craze of the moment was the "shimmy," and our full-page frontispiece showed a young couple shimmying violently, with an English lord watching in amazement from a ringside table. "What do you think of that dance?" asked the lord's companion, to which he replied, "All H'I can sye is, H'I 'opes 'e marries the gal." . . . The day after *Jester* appeared on the stands, I was summoned to meet President Butler—the only time I ever saw him in my college career. "Mr—er, Cerf," he pointed out coldly, "it might interest you to know in the first place that English lords usually do not speak in a Cockney accent." This put me on the ropes immediately. And a gentle reminder of what had happened to my predecessor sufficed to conclude the interview, and send me out vowing to turn *Jester* into a little brother of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. . . . Shortly thereafter the whole staff was inducted into the army. Judging by what we got away with after we came back to college, President Butler had stopped reading *Jester* entirely. . . . George Macy inherited the editorship when I graduated, and was followed in turn by Corey Ford. . . . *Jester's* greatest advertising manager of those years was Horace Manges, who is counsel for several publishing houses and important authors today. Manges not only shattered precedent by ending the year with a credit balance, but personally bagged two typewriters, a case of Bevo, two dozen Arrow Shirts, and a carload of Horlick's Malted Milk Tablets in exchange for advertising space. . . . Henry Commager is responsible for all these reminiscences. He is also responsible (with Allan Nevins) for the best short "History of the United States" on the market. Little, Brown publish the cloth-bound edition; Pocket Books have sold a half million copies of the reprint. . . . Henry says he won't come downtown again until I've read Rebecca West's "The Judge" and Henry De Morgan's "Joseph Vance." I have my order in for copies. . . .

FRANK LUTHER MOTT, Dean of the University of Missouri's School of Journalism, is at work on the most comprehensive history of the best-selling books in America that has ever been attempted. It is scheduled for publication in the Fall of 1944, by Macmillan, under the title of "Golden Multitudes." Dean Mott's list, based on a sale of half a million copies and more since 1880, and on a sale equivalent to one percent of the total population of the country before that date, includes over 200 titles, although it omits Bibles, textbooks, almanacs, cookbooks, and manuals. The list is headed by Michael Wigglesworth's "The Day of Doom," published in 1662, and concludes at the moment with Wendell Willkie's "One World." There will be other titles added before the book is ready for publication; the powerful assistance of the Book-of-the-Month Club and low-priced reprint editions put many more titles into the golden half-million class than was possible in earlier years. Typical examples are: "Grapes of Wrath," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," "Mrs. Miniver," "Berlin Diary," "The Moon Is Down," "Song of Bernadette," "See Here, Private Hargrove," "Guadalcanal Diary," and "The Human Comedy." . . .

READERS who are still goggle-eyed over Margaret Mitchell's assertion that "being the author of 'Gone with the Wind' is a full-time job," are referred to a story about Harriet Beecher Stowe, told by Annie Fields in "Authors and Friends": "A visitor to Mrs. Stowe remarked that he wanted to shake the hand that had written 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' 'No,' she said, 'this hand did not write "Uncle Tom's Cabin."' 'What?' shouted the visitor in surprise. 'You didn't write it?' 'No,' replied Mrs. Stowe gently, 'God wrote it. I merely wrote his dictation!'" . . . Ever since a bemused admirer assured Dale Warren that he is the spitting image of Vincent Sheean, America's handsomest correspondent, fellow Houghton Mifflinites are absolutely desperate. . . . A group of designers, publishers, and printers stationed for the duration in or about Washington's Pentagon Building have organized an informal book club, which meets once a month. Observed at a recent session were Colonel John T. Winterich, Lester Douglas, Lt. Daniel Bianchi (son of Updike's partner), Joseph Blumenthal of the Spiral Press, James D. Hart and Carl Wheat of California, James Oliver Brown, and Edmund B. Thompson, of Hawthorne House. . . .

SOME TIME AGO Russel Crouse promised to write a foreword for a reprint edition of "Life with Father." Pressed for delivery of same, he wired "My understanding was that this foreword was to be a joint contribution of Lindsay and Crouse. Now you'll have to wait until I get Lindsay in a joint!"

"I just thought of a swell answer to give the sergeant on that argument we had, and I'm glad I didn't think of it sooner."

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. . . Mr. Lindsay, meanwhile, got himself involved in a "word game" at the home of Lewis Browne. Everybody was playing except Russell Gleason, who declared firmly, "No word games for baby! I'm anti-semantic!" . . . Did you know that there is a thriving metropolis in the heart of Louisiana named Book? Population: 800. Bookstores and libraries: none. . . . Colin Miller, of United Features, has solved the problem of wangling breakfast in bed at eleven in a hotel where room service is suspended promptly at nine. At 8:58 he orders a full meal, and adds "I also want two 120-minute eggs. Serve the whole order at one time." Then he rolls over blissfully and goes back to sleep. . . . Advertisement unearthed from an issue of *The London Post* in 1775 by that indefatigable researcher, Dent Smith, for *Encore Magazine:*

A Gentleman of Honour and Property, having in his disposal at present a young Lady of good Family, with a Fortune of Sixty Thousand Pounds, on her Marriage with his approbations, would be very happy to treat with a Man of Fashion and Family, who may think it worth his while to give the Advertiser a Gratuity of Five thousand pounds on the day of Marriage. As this is no common advertisement, it is expected no gentleman will apply whose Family and Connections will not bear the strictest inquiry. The Advertiser having always lived retired from the World, immersed in business, is unacquainted with those of that Rank of Life that the Lady's fortune entitles her to be connected with, for which reason he has made this public application. Letters, addressed to E. M., at Tom's Coffee House, Devereux Court, near the Temple, mentioning real Name, and places of Abode, will punctually be attended to. . . .

A LETTER from the associate editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine:*

Dear Bennett:

Is there a philologist in the house?

Some years ago I was reading a book and in it was mentioned the origin of the phrase "The Goose Hangs High." It said that the word "hangs" was originally "whangs" (with the "w" silent as in "whole, whose, whore, etc.") and referred to the honking sound geese made when returning from the winter migration. This was supposed to foretell good weather, hence plentiful crops and prosperity.

As I came across this passage in the book I read it aloud to my wife who is today my only evidence that I did not dream it all up.

Shortly after this happened a controversy took place in *The New York Times* about the phrase and I sent in my contribution. I was then asked to state the source of my information but for the life of me I couldn't recall the name of the book I had been reading. I *thought* it was Boswell's "Life of Johnson" but on examination of my three-volume edition I couldn't find it.

I asked every scholar I knew. No dice. I wrote the learned philologist, the Rev. Ernest Weekley of Nottingham University, but he replied that he'd never heard of it and couldn't find it in any of his reference books. And there you are.

Can any of your readers help? I hope so but let me say in advance not to let them tell you that the phrase has anything to do with the "hanging" of game as with venison, pheasants, ducks, etc. I *do* know that much.

Cordially,
Percy Waxman. . . .

AN AMERICAN MAJOR relays from abroad the story of the sentry who stopped a prowler in the dead of night and cried "Halt! What's the last stanza of 'The Star Spangled Banner'?" "How in heck should I know?" said the prowler. "Pass, American!" said the sentry. . . .

DON'T BE ANNOYED by the endless stream of screen credits that precede the showing of the average Hollywood film these days. Various unions and guilds insist upon these listings, and salaries often depend upon the number of such credits a writer or technician has had in the previous year. The powerful directors' association has managed to enforce a demand that the last and most prominent credit invariably go exclusively to the director of a film. . . . Credits for "Trade Winds": Commas and spelling checked by Saxe Commins. Typing by Jezebel, queen of the Randamselles. Chief critics: my wife and Leonard Lyons. Censors: Amy Loveman and Veronica Jennings. Groaners over superb puns: the entire cast. DIRECTOR:

BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 8

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 8 will be found in the next issue.

RO SHH DSLO JAYOEDVZC EA

BSHH PSUW AZ, SZN V ZOLOI

WZOR S GDAZK RDA NVNZ'E

HSZN AZ VE OLOZEQSHHK.

RVHJAZ YVTZOI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 7

WIVES IN THEIR HUSBANDS' ABSENCES GROW SUBTLER AND DAUGHTERS SOMETIMES RUN OFF WITH THE BUTLER.

BYRON—DON JUAN

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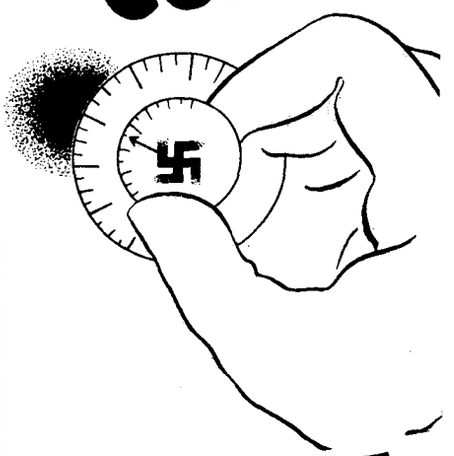

WITHOUT LAWFUL AUTHORITY

A cashiered officer from Britain's Royal Tank Corps, a safe cracker, and Nazi-baiter Tommy Hambledon are pitted against a German spy ring with no holds barred in this smashing new thriller by the author of *They Tell No Tales.* The clashing of fists, weapons, personalities, the warfare of wits, make this story a scale model of the entire battle against the Axis — the struggle of armies reflected in the struggle of a handful of men.

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Dep't of Crime Sanitation

INSIDE THE F.B.I. By John J. Floherty. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 192 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

IN the middle of the 1920's, Attorney General Harlan F. Stone, later to become Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, hunting for just the right man to reorganize and take charge of the antiquated and not very important branch of the Justice Department known as the Federal Bureau of Investigation, a bureau hampered and hamstrung by all sorts of obstructing state and federal laws, sent for a slim, not tall, young man whose work he had watched as Assistant Director of the same bureau.

This was the decade—the wild and turbulent twenties, to be followed by the equally dangerous early thirties—when big-time crime, due to the conditions following the World War, due to Prohibition and other factors, flourished as never before in the history of this country and, it is to be hoped, as it will never flourish again. John Dillinger, Pretty-Boy Floyd, Al Capone, Fred Barker and his equally dangerous mother, "Ma" Barker, Baby-Face Nelson, Alvin Karpis, scores of other sinister and murderous figures appeared almost daily in our papers and seemed to be making fools of our government, our law officers, and the average decent American. Our motion-pictures even dared to have gunmen heroes, turned virtuous of course toward the end of the film by love, and small Americans, taking their cues from their elders, played at being gangsters and their molls in their off-hours from their public school studies.

America suddenly became the laughing stock of a Europe soon to become even more murderous but, as always with Europe, under the high-sounding excuse of political necessity.

The young man summoned to the office of Attorney General Stone considered the suggestion made to him. "Mr. Attorney General," he said, "I will take this job only with the understanding that politics and political pull are to be thrown out bodily."

"Young man," replied Attorney General Stone, "that is the only condition on which you may take the job. Get to work."

And so the F.B.I., as we know it, was born. Today it employs 13,000 people, has in its possession 65,000,000 fingerprints from all over the world, among them those of practically every known criminal however minor, works in liaison with police departments everywhere, trains and works in the closest coöperation with our own police, rural, city, and state, and has made crime within the United States about the most unprofitable profession misguided youth could choose. Curt Reiss speaks of it as "the finest counter-espionage organization in existence, and the mortal terror of the Gestapo," and the small-fry of America now play at being F.B.I. operatives when they are not playing at being American soldiers. Where law and order is concerned the United States has become one of the most dignified of countries, and in this respect Americans can hold their heads high. All of this accomplished, let it be noted, by quiet, well-mannered, well-dressed young men, each one either a trained lawyer or expert accountant, and each one an expert revolver shot and athlete.

John J. Floherty writes about Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity.

Mr. Floherty's book is a vivid, concise, and clear account of this extraordinary organization and its chief. Americans should read it. It will increase legitimate pride in themselves and their country. The moral and philosophic and social results of the F.B.I. have been as important as the actual results, overwhelmingly important as are the latter. The motto on the shields of F.B.I. operatives is Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity. It is a pity that these words cannot be made as well the aims of a number of other Americans including numerous Senators and Congressmen.

Perhaps some day it will be possible to tatoo them on the chests of candidates prior to election.

WAR BONDS
Not A Gift But Thrift

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Diary of Some Months in Hell

HONG KONG AFTERMATH. By Wenzell Brown. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1943. 283 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GWEN DEW

WENZELL BROWN was a professor at Lingnan University in Hong Kong when the city was attacked. During the siege he worked on British transport trucks, and thus was in the heart of actual fighting. The days of surrender when the Japs took possession of the city paint a picture of terror and cruelty. The early period spent in a small Chinese hotel, in squalor and filth, and crowded into cubicle-like rooms, starts the revelations of what it means to be a prisoner of the Japs.

The scene when the British soldiers are marched to jail for the duration, their uniforms covered with filth, many wounded and sick, brings realization of the indomitable spirit of Britain's soldiers. "Down they marched, down to imprisonment and sickness and, in many cases, death. But they sang as they marched. And cheer after cheer raked the struggling lines. 'Thumbs up for Victory.'"

Later 3500 British, Dutch, and American prisoners, with a scattering of Russians, Eurasians, Chinese, and other nationalities, who were mostly wives or children of the interned men, were moved to Camp Stanley. They were unceremoniously dumped into the quarters surrounding a jail, and left to their own devices. The chairman of the American community took advantage of his situation, Professor Brown indicates, and lived on food that should have gone to the camp, as well as on things smuggled to him through his friendship with the puppet Chinese and Japanese leaders in the camp. With a small group of friends he lived on excellent fare, while the rest of the camp lived on two meals a day, one of rice and gravy, one of rice and stew, all made of dirty and often diseased materials. All names in the book are fictitious, but any person who was interned in Hong Kong will recognize the characters.

The author's struggle to get a place to live, his illness, his relations to the camp form the bulk of the story. Included are the authenticized stories of the days of rape, terror, murder, and horror that seized Hong Kong upon the entry of the Japs, including the incidents involving the Maryknoll Mission Fathers, the raped and murdered nurses, and the bayoneting of wounded soldiers. "Hong Kong Aftermath" is not pleasant reading, but it is a story that must be told and read so that those who are left behind will be delivered from the hands of the Japs before it is too late.

Wenzell Brown

They called it an accidental death. But chance clues led to an investigation. Then the evidence pinned the crime on the guilty party—*or was he?* Here's a brain-teasing, spine-rattling murder mystery with *two* completely plausible endings. $2.00

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BY MARY REISNER

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"The best account of air fighting yet written in this war—or the last one."

—N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT

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Illustrated with photographs taken by Col. Scott. Foreword by Maj. Gen. C. L. Chennault. $2.50

Col. Robert L. Scott's

own story of American Aces against the Japs

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Old Palm Beach

THE BAREFOOT MAILMAN. By Theodore Pratt. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

WITH a great deal of love and nostalgia, Mr. Pratt has fictionized the pioneering years of Florida history, particularly the history of Palm Beach before it was called that, when it was a great, wild, dangerous waste of beach to cross. Alligators were the mildest hazard, for there were uncharted bogs of quicksand, sudden storms that blew everything alive or on sticks into the water, wilderness to get lost in unless you knew the exact routes, and beachcombers. These were not the romantic remittance men we have read about in the short stories, but the escaped or uncaught criminals of the bordering civilization, who gathered on this wide expanse of uninhabited beach and lived like a more dangerous and brutal version of Robin Hood's men. There were some whose business it was to cross this country regularly from Miami to the Palm Beach colony, to carry the mail. They were the barefooted mailmen. That was the best and only sensible way to walk the beaches, and you wouldn't last the trip on shoes. It took three days to make the route. The mail carrier lived on his wits all the way, finding food in that lush region where berries and fruits grew freely, or cooking what he carried with him on the barren stretches. It took endurance, bravery, and a kind of frontier integrity we have associated with the eighteenth century backwoodsmen. Florida had its frontier, too, breasting the sea.

All of this is here described in profuse detail, not over-written, for Mr. Pratt seems a very restrained historian, putting down in matter-of-fact verbiage what he might in fact have gushed over. The local material in all its colors, plants, seasons, elements, customs, speech, seems all the more clearly recorded for the almost dry journalistic style of its telling. The background is rich, and it dwarfs the little fiction that moves across it. This is not fatal. It is merely that the scene is so original and fresh, the story so patently made, about the young mailman, "girl-shy," and the boy passenger he takes across with him, who turns out, of course, a girl in cap and pants. Then there is the loud, guileful, and ambitious "boomer" who comes to steal both land and girl—the conflicts, the denouement, and so on. Some of it is real, the best romance, nothing really interfering with the vivid picture of the Florida coast. A light story like this doesn't hurt, while we're watching the sky, and the water on the beach.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHAPTER HEADINGS

From well-known novels the following distinctive chapter headings are taken. How many of the sources of these headings can you name? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. Afternoon at Timothy's.
2. A Further Account of Glubbdubribb—Ancient and Modern History Corrected.
3. Casa da Bonnyfeather.
4. How to Live Well on Nothing a Year.
5. How, Under the Most Adverse Circumstances, Love Came to Big Joe Portagee.
6. I Corroborate Mr. Dick and Choose a Profession.
7. Little Sisters Have Big Ears.
8. Men of the Robe and Men of the Sword.
9. Showing Off in Sunday School.
10. Slaughter in the Marshes.
11. Spelling Down the Master.
12. The Corn Cob Club.
13. The Goblin Monk.
14. The History of Cunegonde.
15. The Pursuit of a Father to Reclaim a Lost Child to Virtue.
16. The Spouter-Inn.
17. The Thornes of Ullathorne.
18. Treating of a Novel Style of Dwelling House.
19. What I Heard in the Cracker Barrel.
20. Wool and Water.

The Book of Tao

THE OLD FELLOW. By Herrymon Maurer, New York: John Day Co. 1943. 296 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PRESTON SCHOYER

ANY really courageous reviewer, caught in the full tide of Laotze's philosophy, would toss his pen and paper out the window and join "the Old Fellow" in a simpler freer life. That Mr. Maurer arouses this temptation is very much to his credit. He has done an extremely interesting and competent job in presenting the Chinese Taoist philosophy in the form of a colorful commentary on the life of Laotze.

Mr. Maurer's chief contribution is that he brings Laotze's little classic, the "Book of Tao," within the grasp of everyday people, clothing and furbishing with story and allegory the abstract, oblique utterances of that little book, which more than Confucian ethics is so deep an expression of Chinese nature and perhaps even Chinese wisdom. There are those who dislike having their pills coated, but few people know Laotze for this very reason. His language is too oblique. The reception accorded his philosophy too easily degenerates into indifference.

Paradoxically, Mr. Maurer's interpretation makes it plain that to write a biography of Laotze is in a sense to deny him, while those historians who dispute his very existence acclaim him. For Laotze hated names and position, wealth and ceremony, and the fuss of civilization. He desired for himself and all men the humility of anonymity, the happiness of not striving, the merging of the individual with nature, the universe, with God.

That Laotze lived close to his desire for anonymity is evident in the meagre knowledge we have of him. About all we know is that he probably lived at the time of Confucius, that he became a voluntary exile from the Empire of Chan, the civilization of his day, and that he wrote the "Book of Tao." Whether he or someone else wrote it, or whether he's merely the personification of the wisdom of many men gathered into one writing is unimportant. And in Mr. Maurer's fanciful account of his life that fact stands out. It's the wisdom of the little Chinese classic that puts salt and substance into Mr. Maurer's story. But Mr. Maurer is to be most gratefully thanked, not only for bringing Laotze down to the grasp of ordinary people, but for presenting to ordinary people a philosophy that is needed today if it was ever needed, certainly more than in the time of the Empire of Chan.

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Colorful Leader of the Confederacy

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, CONFEDERATE STATESMAN. By Robert Douthat Meade. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 432 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

CIRCUMSTANCES and personality made Judah P. Benjamin the most picturesque of all the civil leaders of the Confederacy; ability made him one of the most impressive. His was a career that reminds us now of Alexander Hamilton, now of Benjamin Disraeli, but that had romantic qualities all its own. Born in the West Indies under the British flag, and schooled at Yale, he set out at sixteen to make his fortune in New Orleans. Had he chosen New York or Baltimore, he would doubtless have attained eminence as quickly, and have risen high in the service of the Union, remaining in America all his days. But, because this brilliant Jewish lad chose the metropolis of the Deep South, his mature life was broken into three sharply-contrasting segments. He became a leader of the Southern bar, a prominent figure in the gay social world of the Creoles, and an influential politician, the equal of Soulé and Slidell. Then, with the Civil War, he was raised to high administrative posts —the Confederate secretaryship of war and later of state—and to trusted intimacy with Jefferson Davis. More resourceful and resilient than his associates, after Appomattox he hewed out in England a third career, becoming the author of a standard legal treatise, a brilliant pleader of difficult cases, and the prized friend of the most eminent British jurists.

Only a man of great energy, shrewdness, tact, and address could have faced as much adversity as Benjamin met, played his cards so astutely, and won so many stakes. He does not impress us as a man of high principle. We miss in him the lofty heroism of Lee, the fiery enthusiasm of Yancey, the austere devotion to a great cause shown by the cold, proud Jefferson Davis. But in emotional warmth, in many-sided talent, in alertness, vivacity, and indomitable courage, this portly little man with the silvery voice and the snapping eyes had no superior in his time and section. He was born in poverty, but he quickly conquered it. A nasty scandal caused his departure from Yale under a cloud, but he put it completely behind him. An ill-assorted marriage with a Creole beauty who preferred Paris to his company in Louisiana became the theme of much Southern gossip; but he quietly accepted the situation and never suffered it to impede his progress or disturb his mind. Each political check seemed but to lend him new strength. The war gave him opportunities of which he adroitly made the most; and, though his handling of military affairs was attended with unavoidable disaster, he kept the confidence of all intelligent observers, and was raised to the second place in the Confederate State. The debacle of the South was to him but a challenge to new effort. In 1869 he was an impoverished junior at the British bar; when he retired in 1883 he was universally acclaimed as one of its masters.

This extraordinary story Mr. Meade tells soberly, and interestingly. He is a candid biographer, who glosses over none of Benjamin's personal defects, and apologizes for none of his public errors and shortcomings. He frankly explains why Benjamin, for all his gifts, did not shine in the Senate, and why, for all his organizing power, he was not successful in the War Department. The Confederate years receive especially full treatment, and new facts of importance are brought out in the treatment of Benjamin's work as Secretary of State. He did as much as it was humanly possible for him to do—for after Gettysburg and Vicksburg the leaders of Europe knew that the Confederacy was doomed, and in diplomacy even Benjamin could accomplish little. In dealing with general Southern problems Benjamin made an admirable adviser to Davis, and he was never misled by his hopes. This biography is compact, impartial, and exhaustive. It gives us a skilful picture of a striking Civil War personality, and for all its candor is by no means devoid of sympathetic warmth.

Judah P. Benjamin in 1860

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Director of the Committee on English Language Studies, Harvard University

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THE THEATRE HAS SWALLOWED A TAPEWORM

(*Continued from page* 6)

manager. When Charles Frohman, David Belasco, Daniel Frohman, Klaw and Erlanger, Liebler and Company and the (still existing) Shuberts were the powers that be, they ruled the stage with a rod of gold. They had the money and dispensed it meagerly or madly as was their wont. If there were ever "angels" in the background, they were kept there. Sam Zolatow of *The Times* (or his then equivalent) did not list the twenty-one backers of "The Music Master" or "Peter Pan." Nowadays the public knows too much about the seamy side.

When you start talking about "what's wrong with the theatre," it all goes back to the managers. If many of them had not in the past been grasping and/or crooked (names are both gratuitous and libelous), there would not have been any need for the innumerable organizations that are choking the very life out of the stage today. If the producers had not rehearsed (without pay) actors for two, three, four months and then abandoned the production or fired an individual actor the night before an opening or stranded a show on the road, then Equity would not have had to come into being. Innumerable other examples, in all fields, present themselves at once to the mind.

Today the manager is the down dog of the theatre. He is beset on one side by the necessity of paying high salaries to actors, his playwrights harass him and take most of his profits, his Hollywood backers (yes, he sold himself for their gold) urge him to wring the last cent out of the production in a short time because they have set an inexorable "release date" for the picture which *usually* spells ruin for the road tour of any play (there is, of course, always "Tobacco Road" to make the exception which proves the rule). His last dignity, that of pretending to own the money he spends, is taken from him by the gossip columnists and the estimable and accurate Mr. Zolatow. Unquestionably, the manager (or his predecessors) brought it on himself but at present writing that is not the important question. It is a fact that the men who should be presenting a proud face to the world are too often revealed as beggars among their friends and acquaintances, beggars for a few thousands here and there.

There are, of course, conspicuous and successful exceptions, mostly men who stage their own shows and save a salary and at the same time give vent to their artistic impulse. Most of these are the present-day top-rank managers such as Guthrie McClintic, Herman Shumlin, Gilbert Miller, Theresa Helburn, Dwight Deere Wiman, Vinton Freedley, Jed Harris, George Abbott, John Golden, Brock Pemberton.

There are two other producing groups which have a somewhat different setup from that of the individual managers. The Playwrights Company, organized by Maxwell Anderson, S. N. Behrman, the late Sidney Howard, Elmer Rice, and Robert E. Sherwood, endeavored to displace the old-line producer. Each dramatist was to put his plays into the pool, a single business manager was to handle all financial problems for the company. They soon found, despite their several hits, that more capital outlay was required than they as individuals or as a firm cared to expend. They found that it was expedient to call in the Theatre Guild on several occasions and, most recently, Rowland Stebbins for "The Patriots." They also found that for one reason or another their own members might not have plays suitable for production as often as they felt they should offer them. Therefore, they secured the producing rights to the drama of a non-member, Sidney Kingsley, and so have embarked as something remarkably close to being old-line managers themselves.

The other organization, of course, is the famous up-hill and down-dale Theatre Guild, which presently functions under the aegis of Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langner. It continues as a subscription organization which is much more successful on the road, when it draws on the wares of other producers, than it is on Broadway. The necessity of providing a specified number of plays for its New York audiences each season has proved a difficult task. Starting out as an enterprising and experimental group, the Guild has taken on a middle-aged spread which has not made its programs as sprightly as we'd like. Its tendency has been to bring in another producer's play to provide for the demands of its subscription bill. The enormous and deserved success of "Oklahoma" has made its subscribers happy and will do much to settle the usual Spring unrest.

But, as Paul Green said in an illuminating if unhappy article in *The Times* not long ago, these men and women of Broadway "can't compare in influence and importance today with a Sarnoff, Warner, Goldwyn, Wanger, Selznick, Mayer, or Zanuck. These last are the producing entertainment names that count with the American public." These are the men who control the stars who cause our people to languish over such as Hedy Lamarr, Bette Davis, Veronica Lake, or Errol Flynn. These are the men who canalize our tastes in the broad theatrical field. They got control by default. The theatre managers let their big opportunity slip by when films took on commercial importance thirty years ago. Instead of thinking of ways and means to broaden their base of entertainment for the nation, they continued the practices which brought about the tight and choking unionization of the stage. All the prices went up and became possible only to the upper income groups. The producers lost their touch with the very people who might have helped the theatre to grow and so to extend its influence.

No wonder, when you add it all up, that the theatre is being suffocated. No wonder that the playhouses have become old and dingy. Every component part has sought to feed only itself and none of them is really willing to do what is a prime necessity. Somehow, there will have to be cleaned out all the deadwood, the "featherbed rules," the gouging real estate owners, the terrific city taxes which have come about because every speculator wanted to edge his theatre in next to every other theatre and so raised real estate values at the expense of a cramped stage, a crowded auditorium, and a monetarially uneconomic building. The theatre must come to terms with itself, must forget its absurd quarrels, its internecine strife, its bigotry and hostility to new ideas, its "public be damned" policy. When this has been done, then and *only* then will it be time again to cry, "Vive le roi!"

George Freedley is Curator of the Theatre Collection at the New York Public Library, and the author of several books on the theatre.

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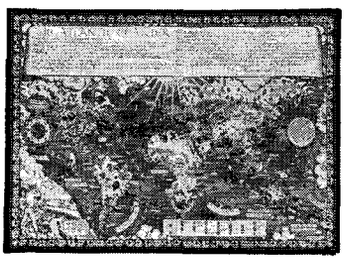

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The Compleat Collector

PARAGRAPHS ON PRINTING. By Bruce Rogers and James Hendrickson. New York: Wm. E. Rudge. 1943. $10. *Special ed'n* $25.

THE years following our Civil War were a fortunate time to be born. Of many a man who came into the world in the seventies may be said what Matthew Arnold wrote of Goethe:

For though his manhood felt the blast
Of a tremendous time,
Yet in a tranquil world was passed
His tenderer youthful prime.

It was Mr. Rogers's good fortune to get his education and his early training in printing, and to achieve some of his best work before the world began to crack up in 1914. In those years of civil peace, conditions in the printing offices were favorable to the development of his talent, for, while mechanization had steadily increased after 1800, the shops of 1900 were nowhere divested of the older craft methods and ideals; hand composition was almost universal save in the newspaper offices, and it was even possible to find men at Riverside who could use the old hand presses and dampened paper. Toward the end of the century the typographic revolution in England had got under full way in America and for nearly half a century the Victorian absurdities were to be happily forgotten. Under such happy circumstances there was scope, as not for long before or long after, for a man of genius.

And Mr. Rogers is a genius. Consider only his versatility with type. This book of his presents only a meager, though typical, display of his accomplishments. Exhibitions of his work, such as that held at the Grolier Club in 1938, have shown these in extensive display. But many a visitor, lingering over some ingenious or subtle example of his skill in putting type on paper, has asked himself how it was done. The desire to know what makes the clock tick is common, and we can, if we will, find out; but what motives and methods produce a work of art in printer's ink are far more obscure. Some printers have tried to tell, but I believe that nowhere in the great *corpus* of typographic lore will be found so satisfactory an answer as in Mr. Rogers's "Paragraphs on Printing." One opens the book in some trepidation, knowing the pitfalls of dogmatism and conceit which so many writers have fallen into. Here one finds captivating simplicity and sanity, a decent common sense of observation and suggestion. Both sanity and simplicity are deceptive, however, for they are the result of that infinite capacity for taking pains which is ascribed to genius. These paragraphs may have started out as "conversations," but they have been decanted and refined into the smoothest of elixirs. The very jug which holds it, in short the book itself, is most fittingly contrived.

I do not want to suggest that here is a *vade mecum* for the designer. The tyro will not be told whether to use twelve-point Caslon or fourteen-point Bodoni; he will find no encouragement to develop a "style." He may, to better purpose, learn something of the philosophy of harmony in type and paper and margins, that basic knowledge which, somehow or other, every really competent printer acquires. He will find that example has been added to precept in the numerous illustrations of Mr. Rogers's work. He who runs may read, and, reading, perhaps understand. One cannot say how these examples will survive the changes of the future, but, for the years of eclecticism which gave Mr. Rogers his opportunity, they stand unrivalled.

CARL P. ROLLINS.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLACK EAGLES ARE FLYING *F. V. Morse* (Crime Club: $2.)	Disaster dogs steps of English inheritors of Ohio Farm until local police chief, with taxi-driver's aid, corners grudge killer.	Detecting believable, if not especially distinguished. Story moves steadily with chief appeal in interesting character studies of high-spirited family.	Agreeable
DOUBLE TRAGEDY *Freeman Wills Crofts* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Financially pressed Londoner kills wife's rich relative and covers tracks cleverly—but Insp. French nails him.	Customarily well thought out exercise in deduction and clue chasing with visible criminal frantically trying to elude inexorable sleuth.	Good
MURDERER'S CHOICE *Anna Mary Wells* (Knopf: $2.)	Rich man makes poor and hated cousin insurance beneficiary, then plans suicide that looks like murder. Miss Pomeroy saves day.	Good writing, ample action, and excellent character work save rather artificial plot. Miss Pomeroy does slick and satisfactory job of unravelling.	High grade
WITHOUT LAWFUL AUTHORITY *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.)	Pre-war activities of Nazi agents in England give Tommy Hambledon tough assignment.	Not up to "Drink to Yesterday," etc., but proper fare for those who like smoothly plotted and speedily moving spy stuff.	Adequate
THE BRIDE LAUGHED ONCE *Marion K. Sanders* and *Mortimer Edelstein* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Rich young philanderer stabbed with ski-pole and otherwise dispatched at Adirondack winter camp. Dr. Seth Noble successfully follows tangible clues.	Good central plot slightly hampered by too many underdone red herrings. Noble's "dinosaur bone method" of deduction ably worked out.	Pretty good

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. A Man of Property, from "The Forsyte Saga," by Galsworthy.
2. "Gulliver's Travels," by Jonathan Swift.
3. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
4. "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray.
5. "Tortilla Flat," by John Steinbeck.
6. "David Copperfield," by Dickens.
7. "Seventeen," by Tarkington.
8. "The Three Musketeers," by Dumas.
9. "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain.
10. "Lorna Doone," by R. D. Blackmore.
11. "Hoosier Schoolmaster," by Edward Eggleston.
12. "Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley.
13. "Hunchback of Notre Dame," by Victor Hugo.
14. "Candide," by Voltaire.
15. "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith.
16. "Moby Dick," by Melville.
17. "Barchester Towers," by Trollope.
18. "Rudder Grange," by Frank Stockton.
19. "Treasure Island," by Stevenson.
20. "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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FORMER SECRETARY TO PUBLICIST, also school and executive experience, desires position with educational or philanthropic organization, preferably in country. Box 267-H.

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EUROPEAN WRITER seeks correspondence with literary, progressive lady, preferably with writing background. Box 270-H.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY desired by middle-aged woman, trained in mental hygiene. Former dean, teacher of psychology; counselor of adults; instructor in psychology by correspondence; familiar Thought Control work, Boston Dispensary. Knows mental health principles of religious groups. Box 272-H.

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ALAN VALENTINE, President,
University of Rochester

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The Crostics Club

IF I give you the word *jihad* or *jehad* some are sure to exclaim: "Of what use is such a word to me? I shall have no occasion to use it." That it is a Mohammedan word defined as "a religious war against infidels or Mohammedan heretics" only strengthens your contention. Yet, more generally it can be applied to any bitter war or crusade for a principle or belief, and in this sense Arthur Krock in his column "In the Nation," for July 29, acquainted me with it. In commenting on headhunting—not in the Fiji Islands, but in Washington, D. C.—he concludes a paragraph on the relations between President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins as New Dealers thus: "The possible inaugural of a *jehad* against him (Hopkins) would be no slight political development." So, although we may have no occasion to use *jihad,* now we know what it means when others do.

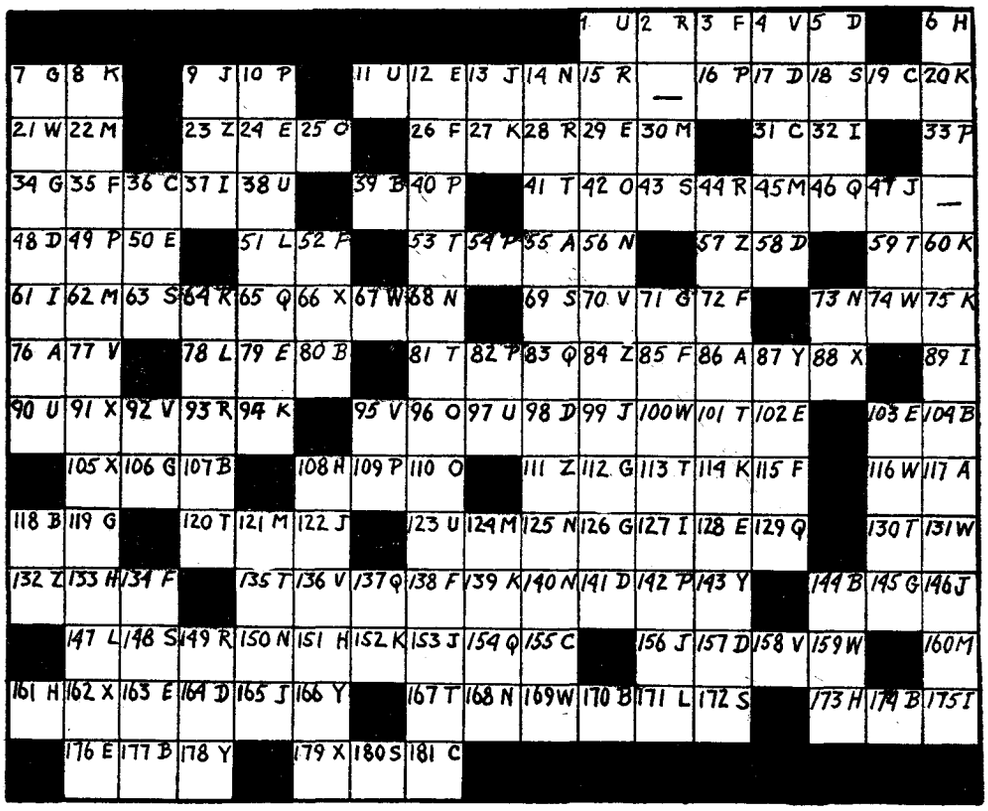
Now that Sicily is in the foreground these embattled days, have you noted the flood of comment on the dead Greek myths with which I have plagued you, not intentionally but out of sheer fascination for them. Among them: Enceladus, the Titan, confined by Zeus in Etna; Stesichorus, the Greek lyric poet, who died in Catania, stricken blind for libeling Helen; the rocks of the Cyclops thrown by Polyphemus at Ulysses; and Enna, loveliest of all, sacred to Persephone, stolen by Pluto while she was gathering asphodel, still a sacred plant in Sicily.

We are honored by a lively letter from Earnest Elmo Calkins questioning in my ignorance of the word *emmet,* an ant. any acquaintance I may have with the crossword and its dictionary: "It is one of those stereotyped clichés that make the fans yawn with boredom, such as *ree,* female of the ruff; *arar,* sandarac tree; *ates,* the sweet-sop; and the peculiar instance of defining a figurative use of a word by the figurative use of another; *tree,* corner, *corner,* tree." It is so comfortable to crawl out of an impasse thus that no doubt I am developing a similar lazy vocabulary for DCs. Both Steven Byington and James McR. Hawley have written, I recall, that puzzling should concern itself, not with the convenience of the maker, but with the problems of the doer—but that is a subject for another number.

But I am no stranger to crosswords. In 1925 I received ten dollars from *The Chicago Daily News* for a good stiff one, and, having proved to my satisfaction that I could make as well as solve one, I put them behind me as futile in those early days.

By the way, E. E. C., why did you omit "Flash" from your homey consideration of Will Carleton's poems? That was choice. I think I can recite it today!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 490

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 11 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The smith who aids Siegfried (Wagner—*The Ring*).

B. Husband of Zenobia.

C. Long-limbed and slender.

D. Inspiring; influencing.

E. A keen intuitive power (2 wds.)

F. English novelist.

G. Brother of Dan—second son of Jacob and Bilhah.

H. An Indian tribe of the Algonquin Confederacy (of New Hampshire).

I. A small drinking cup.

J. Versatile (comp.)

K. Unjustly or irritably indiscriminating.

L. Important Transvaal gold-mining district (with *The*).

M. Everlasting.

N. A measure of length equal to about a rod (England).

O. English anatomist and zoölogist (1804-92).

P. French Chronicler (1337-1410).

Q. Interjection of mild reproof (comp.)

R. The leader of the Ship-money resistance in England.

S. Always recent or novel (comp.)

T. Furious attacks.

U. River in Nebraska (to the Missouri).

V. Controversial.

W. Color of the hazel nut (comp.)

X. An Indian of the northern Pacific coast.

Y. English figure painter (1787-1849).

Z. The argali; a wild sheep of Asia.

WORDS

55 117 76 86

39 80 104 174 144 118 177 170 107

36 181 31 19 155

17 164 58 98 48 141 157 5

128 163 50 176 103 12 29 79 102 24

52 138 85 115 134 72 3 35 26

145 106 34 119 71 7 112 126

173 161 133 6 151 108

175 32 89 61 87 127

99 13 9 47 165 153 122 156 146

60 114 152 139 94 20 27 75 8

171 78 51 147

160 22 62 30 121 45 124

14 168 68 140 56 125 150 73

96 25 42 110

40 54 10 49 16 33 109 82 142

129 83 46 65 137 154

2 64 15 149 28 44 93

148 43 180 63 18 172 69

113 167 135 59 53 101 120 130 81 41

11 97 123 38 1 90

158 4 92 77 136 70 95

21 131 169 100 74 67 116 159

179 66 105 162 88 91

178 87 166 143

111 84 132 57 23

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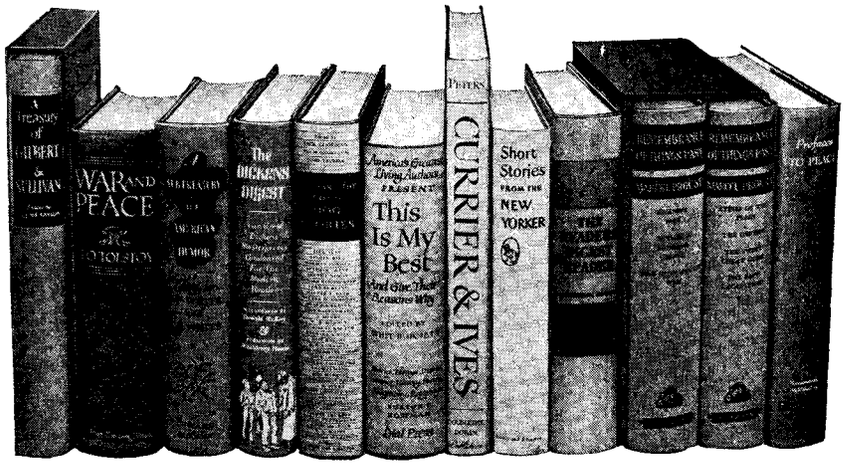

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